

The Magic

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Summary: The bus came and everything changed, a story of what might have happened if Marnie had lost her magic. Dark.

The Magic

Disclaimer: I don't own Halloweentown.

Summary : The bus came and everything changed, a story of what might have happened if Marnie had lost her magic.

Gwen honestly thought that things would go back to normal, that Marnie would have been mad for a few weeks or maybe a few months but things would eventually go back to the way things had been. It hadn't. Marnie hadn't really talked to her even after she had stopped completely ignoring her. Every time Marnie had looked at her it was with a glare, but she never actually said anything about it. Then she had started acting out sneaking out at night, doing poorly in school, Gwen had tried talking to her, but Marnie didn't talk to her not about anything that mattered.

She had come home drunk at 15 it was the first time since Halloweentown that Marnie really talked to her. If talking meant listen to Marnie ramble about how she hated her, really hated her for forcing her to give up her powers, when all she had ever really wanted was magic. How she missed it because even though she hadn't known exactly she had been a witch, she knew the feeling of magic and felt the loss of it not being there anymore. How she would never forgive her and then she had stumbled to her room and left Gwen standing there. Gwen had spent all night coming up with a punishment and away to get through to Marnie, what she didn't count on was the fact when morning came Marnie wasn't there anymore.

It was ten years before Gwen had seen her again and it was in a way she never thought she would see her, a way that she never wanted to see her. Marnie was dead, due to a drug overdose and the worse part

was what she overheard at the wake.

"She kept saying she wanted the magic back, and the only way she could feel the magic anymore was by being high."

End
file.